CHARLTON COMICS

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ALL NEW BILLY THE KID

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BILLY THE KID

NO. 97 DEC. CDC

ONLY 20¢

BILLY THE KID

WHEN BILLY THE KID SAW THE YOUNG EASTERNER'S EXPENSIVE CLOTHING... GOLD WATCH... AND THICK WALLET... HE KNEW THIS WAS ONE DUDE WHO'D QUICKLY LEARN WHAT NOT TO DO IN A COWTOWN SALOON! BILLY WAITED... HE WANTED JEFFERSON HOYT TO SEE THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS...

THE SECRET of the GUNFIGHTER

BILLY THE KID

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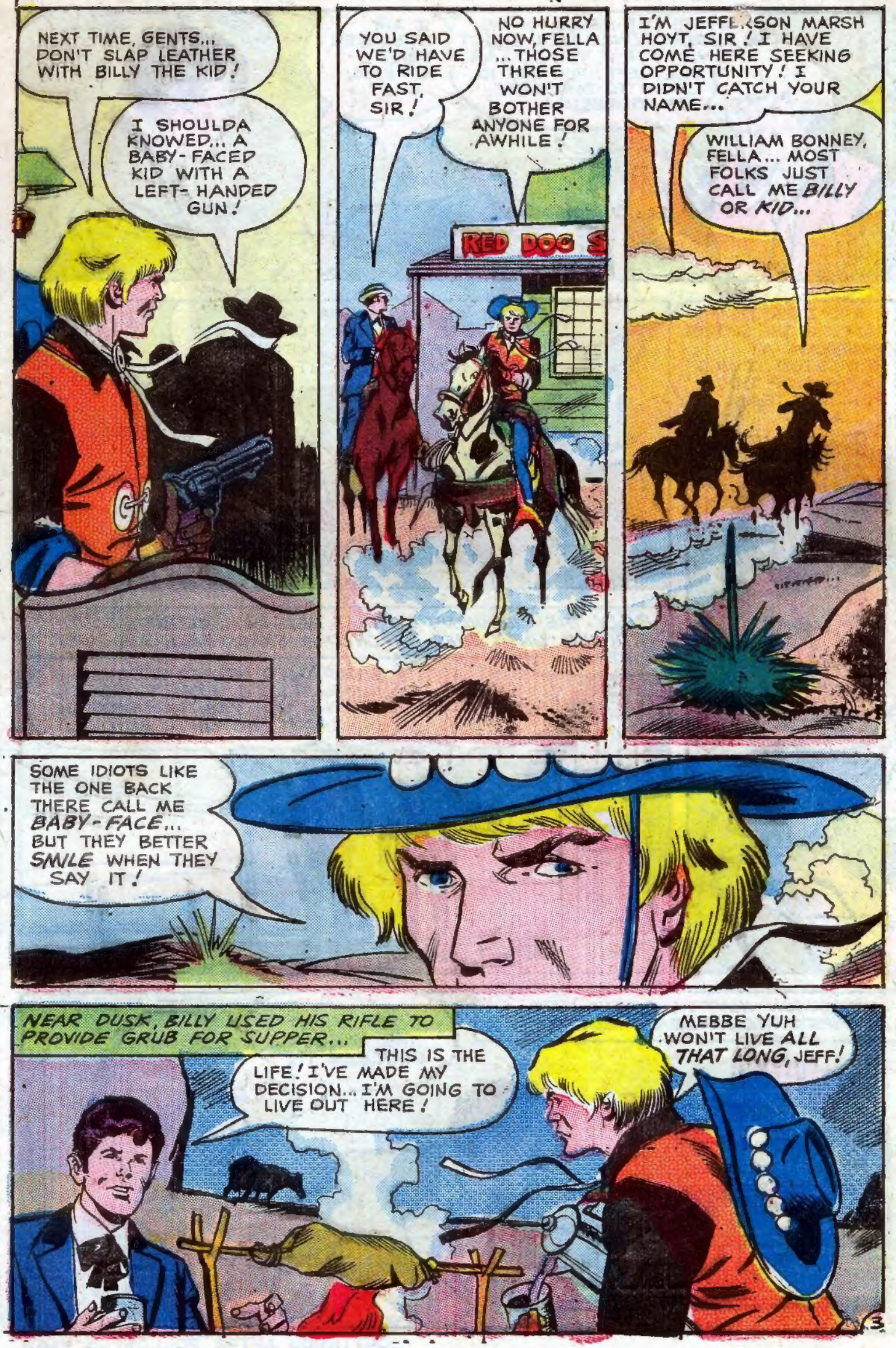
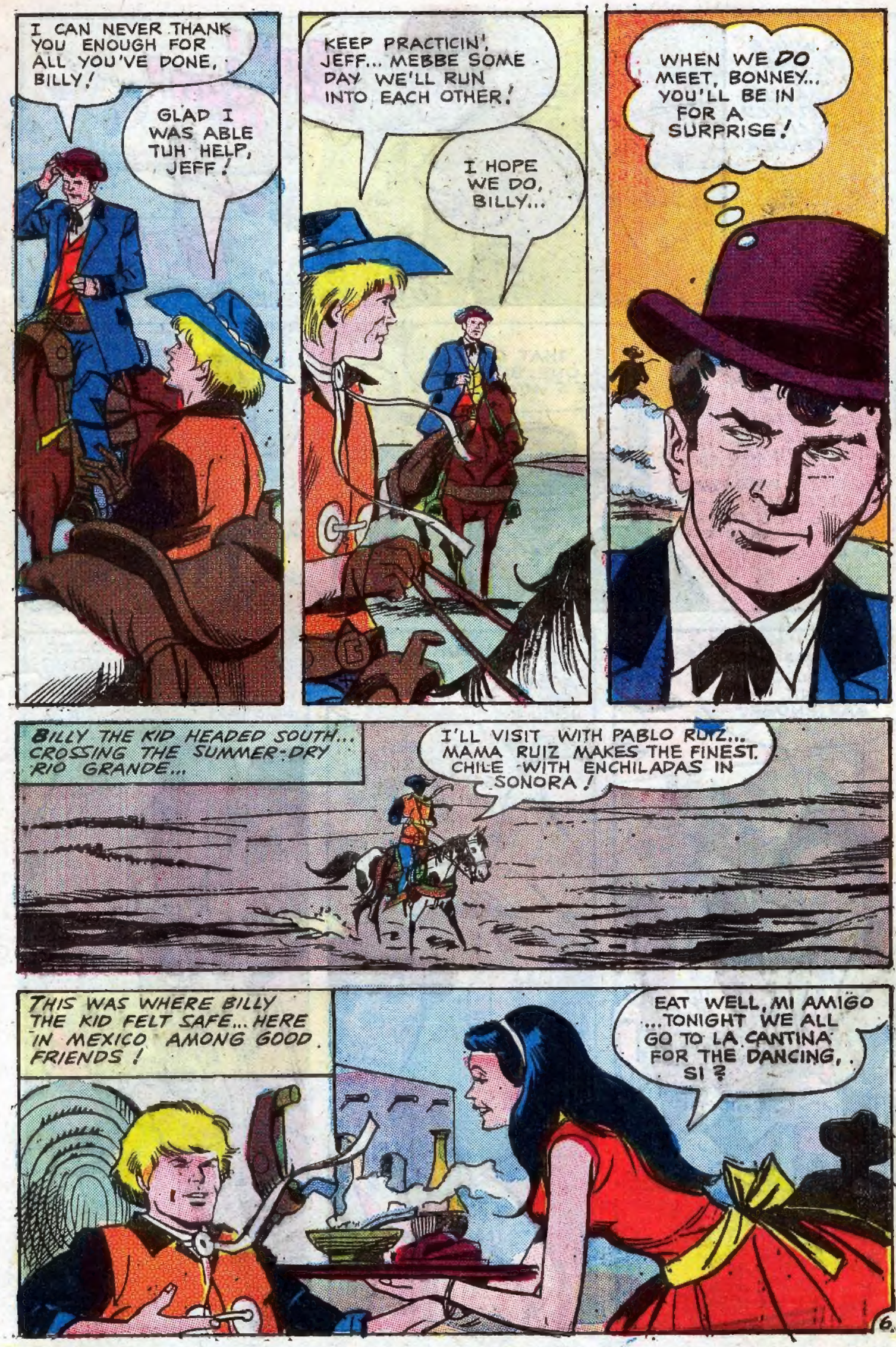
THIS HERE'S MY WALLET! ANDY, YOU'RE MY WITNESS ...I JES' TOOK MY OWN WALLET BACK!
AN' HERE'S MY GOLD WATCH AN' CHAIN!
FREEZE, YUH POLECATS!
BLAM!
GIVE THE DUDE BACK HIS MONEY AN' WATCH!
BARKEEP, IF YUH GET THAT HIDE-OUT GUN, I'LL BLOW A HOLE IN YORE BELT BUCKLE!
DO WHAT HE SEZ, ANDY... WE'LL GIT OUR CHANCE LATER!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR! I...
GO OUTSIDE...TAKE ONE OF THEIR NAGS... I'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE...WE GOTTA MOVE FAST WHEN WE LEAVE!
I RECKON THE DUDE IS SAFE... I'LL MOSEY ALONG, BOYS... SEE YUH SOMETIME!
HE'LL SEE US, WEASEL! HAH HAH!
BILLY THE KID WAS NEAR THE DOOR WHEN THE TWO GUNNIES AND THE BARTENDER WENT FOR THEIR GUNS... HE WHIRLED THE HEAVY COLT .45 LEAPING INTO HIS FIST!
I FIGURED YUH'D TRY THAT!
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

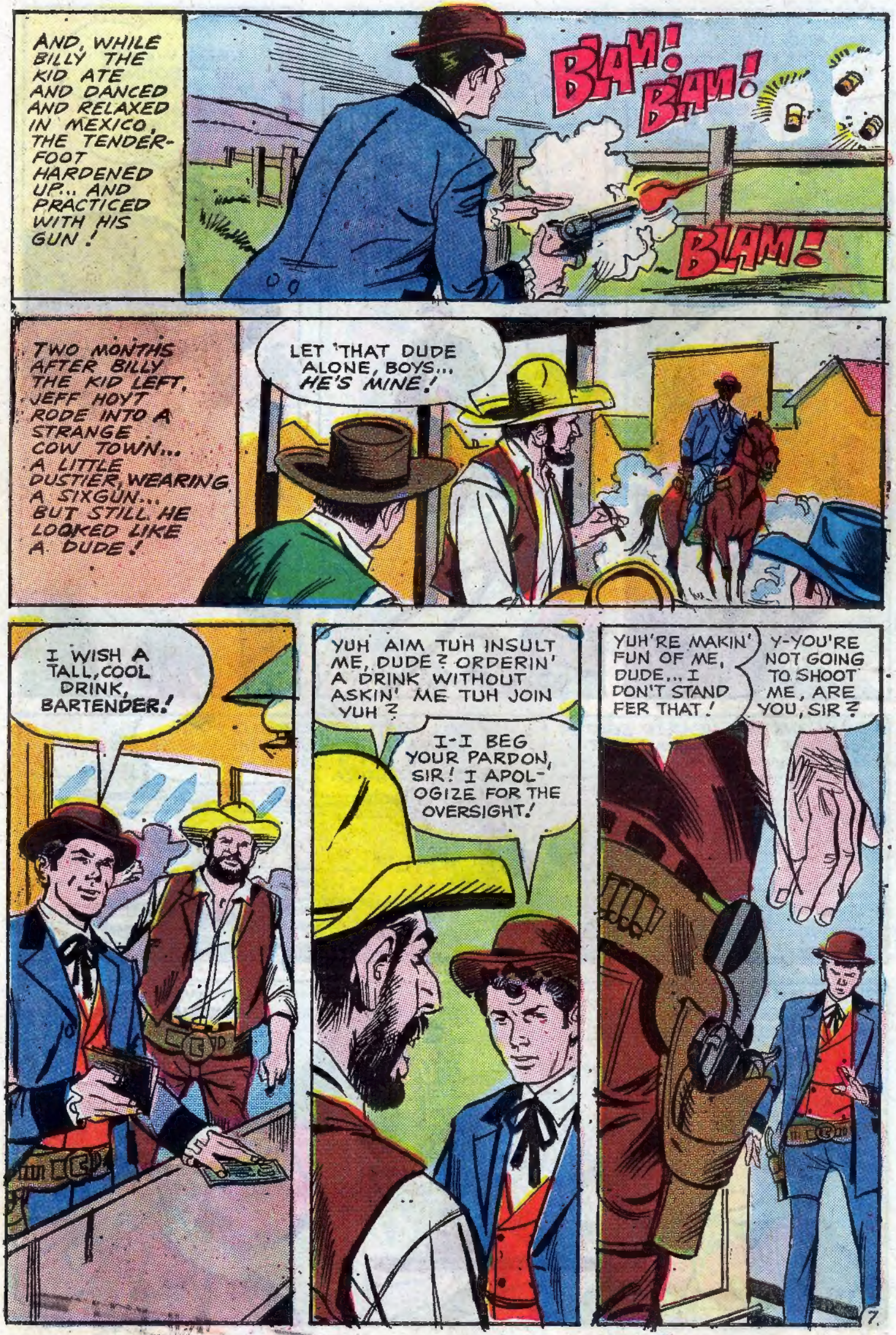

NEXT TIME, GENTS... DON'T SLAP LEATHER WITH BILLY THE KID!
I SHOULDA KNOWED... A BABY-FACED KID WITH A LEFT-HANDED GUN!
YOU SAID WE'D HAVE TO RIDE FAST, SIR!
NO HURRY NOW, FELLA ...THOSE THREE WON'T BOTHER ANYONE FOR AWHILE!
RED DOG S
I'M JEFFERSON MARSH HOYT, SIR! I HAVE COME HERE SEEKING OPPORTUNITY! I DIDN'T CATCH YOUR NAME...
WILLIAM BONNEY, FELLA... MOST FOLKS JUST CALL ME BILLY OR KID...
SOME IDIOTS LIKE THE ONE BACK THERE CALL ME BABY-FACE... BUT THEY BETTER SMILE WHEN THEY SAY IT!
NEAR DUSK, BILLY USED HIS RIFLE TO PROVIDE GRUB FOR SUPPER...
THIS IS THE LIFE! I'VE MADE MY DECISION... I'M GOING TO LIVE OUT HERE!
MEBBE YUH WON'T LIVE ALL THAT LONG, JEFF!

GENTS LIKE MENLO AN' HIS SIDEKICK WILL BACK-SHOOT YUH FOR A TEN DOLLAR BILL, JEFF! YUH GOT TO LEARN TO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!
I AM STRONGER THAN I APPEAR, BILLY...
...AND I PARTICIPATED IN THE SPORTS PROGRAM AT PRINCETON! I WAS CAPTAIN OF THE FENCING TEAM AND...
I'VE GOT AN' EXTRA SHOOTIN' IRON I'LL SELL YUH FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, JEFF! I'LL SHOW YUH HOW TO USE IT!
BILLY THE KID DIDN'T DO THAT NEXT DAY... HE RODE SOUTH WITH HIM UNTIL THEY REACHED A SHACK BESIDE A QUIET STREAM...
IS THIS YOUR HOME, BILLY?
SHEEPMAN I HELPED ONE TIME OWNS IT... I'M FREE TO USE IT... AN' WE CAN PRACTICE SHOOTIN' WITHOUT BOTHERIN' ANYONE!
JEFFERSON HOYT WAS AWKWARD AT FIRST... THE NOISE BOTHERED HIM!
BLAM! BLAM!
DON'T YANK THE TRIGGER... SQUEEZE IT!
4

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

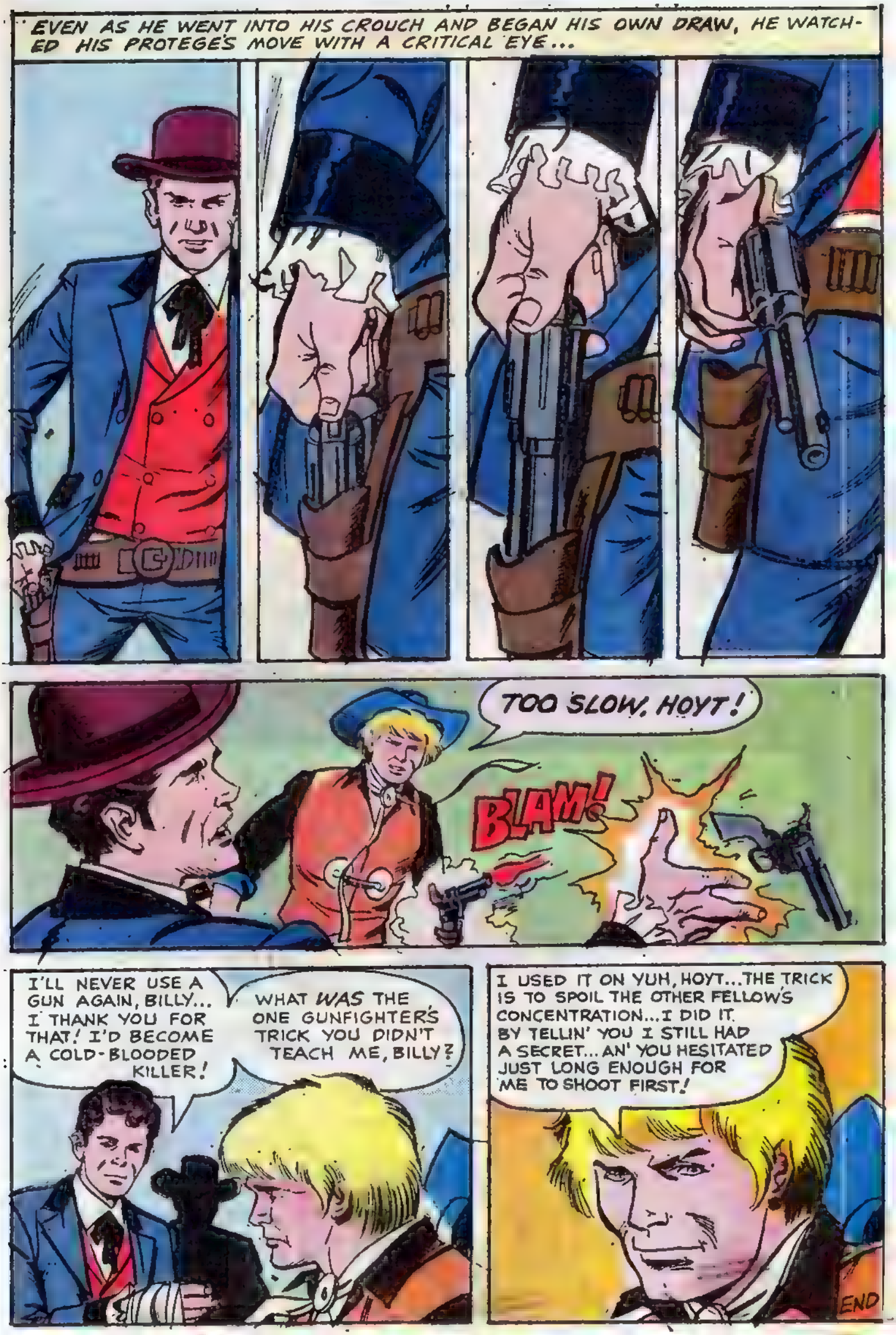
I LEARNED TUH SHOOT FROM A CROUCH... JUST POINT THE GUN AN' FIRE ...BUT FOR AWHILE, YOU'D BEST STAND UP STRAIGHT AN' AIM CAREFUL!
BILLY TAUGHT HIS PROTEGE HOW TO RIDE, TOO...
SQUEEZE YORE KNEES AN' KEEP YORE BACK ST... THERE HE GOES AGAIN!
THIS DUDE GOT A LOT OF GUTS... AN' HE SURE DON'T GIVE UP EASY!
THERE CAME A DAY WHEN...
I RECKON YUH KNOW ENOUGH TUH GET ALONG ON, JEFF! I'VE GOT A NOTION TUH VISIT SOME FRIENDS IN OLD MEXICO... I RECKON WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOME TIME!


I CAN NEVER THANK YOU ENOUGH FOR ALL YOU'VE DONE, BILLY!
GLAD I WAS ABLE TUH HELP, JEFF!
KEEP PRACTICIN', JEFF... MEBBE SOME DAY WE'LL RUN INTO EACH OTHER!
I HOPE WE DO, BILLY...
WHEN WE DO MEET, BONNEY... YOU'LL BE IN FOR A SURPRISE!
BILLY THE KID HEADED SOUTH... CROSSING THE SUMMER-DRY RIO GRANDE...
I'LL VISIT WITH PABLO RUIZ... MAMA RUIZ MAKES THE FINEST CHILE WITH ENCHILADAS IN SONORA!
THIS WAS WHERE BILLY THE KID FELT SAFE... HERE IN MEXICO AMONG GOOD FRIENDS!
EAT WELL, MI AMIGO ...TONIGHT WE ALL GO TO LA CANTINA FOR THE DANCING, SI?


AND, WHILE BILLY THE KID ATE AND DANCED AND RELAXED IN MEXICO, THE TENDER-FOOT HARDENED UP... AND PRACTICED WITH HIS GUN!
BLAM! BLAM!
BLAM!
TWO MONTHS AFTER BILLY THE KID LEFT, JEFF HOYT RODE INTO A STRANGE COW TOWN... A LITTLE DUSTIER, WEARING A SIXGUN... BUT STILL HE LOOKED LIKE A DUDE!
LET 'THAT DUDE ALONE, BOYS... HE'S MINE!
I WISH A TALL, COOL DRINK, BARTENDER!
YUH AIM TUH INSULT ME, DUDE? ORDERIN' A DRINK WITHOUT ASKIN' ME TUH JOIN YUH?
I-I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR! I APOL-OGIZE FOR THE OVERSIGHT!
YUH'RE MAKIN' FUN OF ME, DUDE... I DON'T STAND FER THAT!
Y-YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT ME, ARE YOU, SIR?

DIE, DUDE!
BLAM!
KENO SLAPPED LEATHER FIRST...THE STRANGER'S FASTER THAN ANY GUNSLINGER I EVER SAW!
HE RODE FROM TOWN TO TOWN...LOOKING YOUNG, ACTING DUMB, INVITING UNWARY GUNMEN TO MAKE THEIR MOVES!
IT'S THE GENT THEY CALL 'THE DUDE'... FARRIS FORCED HIM TO GO FOR HIS GUN!
BLAM!
YOU'RE ORDERING ME OUT OF TOWN, SHERIFF? WITHOUT THAT BADGE AND SHOTGUN, YOU...
YOU'RE NOT NIDDLIN' ME INTO A GUNFIGHT, HOYT! GET OUT OF MY TOWN OR I'LL HOLD YOU FOR MURDER!

SIX MONTHS WENT BY... BILLY THE KID HEARD TALK ABOUT A DUDE GUNSLINGER... BUT HE DIDN'T GUESS WHO IT WAS UNTIL...
HEY, MISTER ... HERE HE COMES... BILLY THE KID!
JEFF HOYT! SONOVAGUN, YOU'VE CHANGED!
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH, BABY-FACE!
HOLD IT, FELLA... I TOLD YUH ONCE YUH'D BETTER SMILE WHEN YUH CALL ME THAT!
I'M NOT SMILING, BONNEY! I'M INSULTING YOU... I WANT YOU TO GO FOR YOUR-- GUN!
THIS IS THE GENT THEY CALL THE DUDE, BILLY... HE'S KILLED NINE MEN SINCE HE SHOWED UP OUT HERE!
YOU TAUGHT ME ALL YOU KNEW, BABY-FACE!
I DIDN'T TEACH YUH EVERYTHING, JEFF... I HELD BACK ONE THING!
WHAT WAS TH... YOU'RE LYING!
GO FOR YOUR GUN, BABY-FACE!


EVEN AS HE WENT INTO HIS CROUCH AND BEGAN HIS OWN DRAW, HE WATCHED HIS PROTEGE'S MOVE WITH A CRITICAL EYE...
TOO SLOW, HOYT!
BLAM!
I'LL NEVER USE A GUN AGAIN, BILLY... I THANK YOU FOR THAT! I'D BECOME A COLD-BLOODED KILLER!
WHAT WAS THE ONE GUNFIGHTER'S TRICK YOU DIDN'T TEACH ME, BILLY?
I USED IT ON YUH, HOYT...THE TRICK IS TO SPOIL THE OTHER FELLOW'S CONCENTRATION...I DID IT BY TELLIN' YOU I STILL HAD A SECRET... AN' YOU HESITATED JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO SHOOT FIRST!
END

EDP. YOUNG OF THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE

TEXAS --- 1884

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 3, 1884, BEGAN LIKE ANY OTHER 100 DEGREE DAY IN BOOTHILL, TEX. .. MAX COGSWELL WAS TRYING TO IMPART SOME WESTERN STYLE LOGIC TO HIS TENDERFOOT ASSISTANT, ABEL YOUNG ... AND HE FINALLY, AT 9 A.M. GAVE HIS REDHEADED HELPER THE CASH RECEIPTS FOR DELIVERY TO THE BANK WITH A LAST PARTING ADMONITION...

STOP TREATING ME LIKE A CHILD, SIR! HOW COULD I POSSIBLY DO ANYTHING WRONG TAKING THIS BAG TO THE BANK!

DON'T GET LOST ON THE WAY TO THE BANK, ABEL.. AND DON'T RESCUE ANY DAMSELS IN DISTRESS .. OR START A CRUSADE.. OR...

NOT MUCH CASH IN THE SATCHEL.. AND THE ONLY CROOK IN TOWN IS IN THE BOOTHILL JAIL!

OH, SIR!

D-3411

THE BANK ROBBERY!

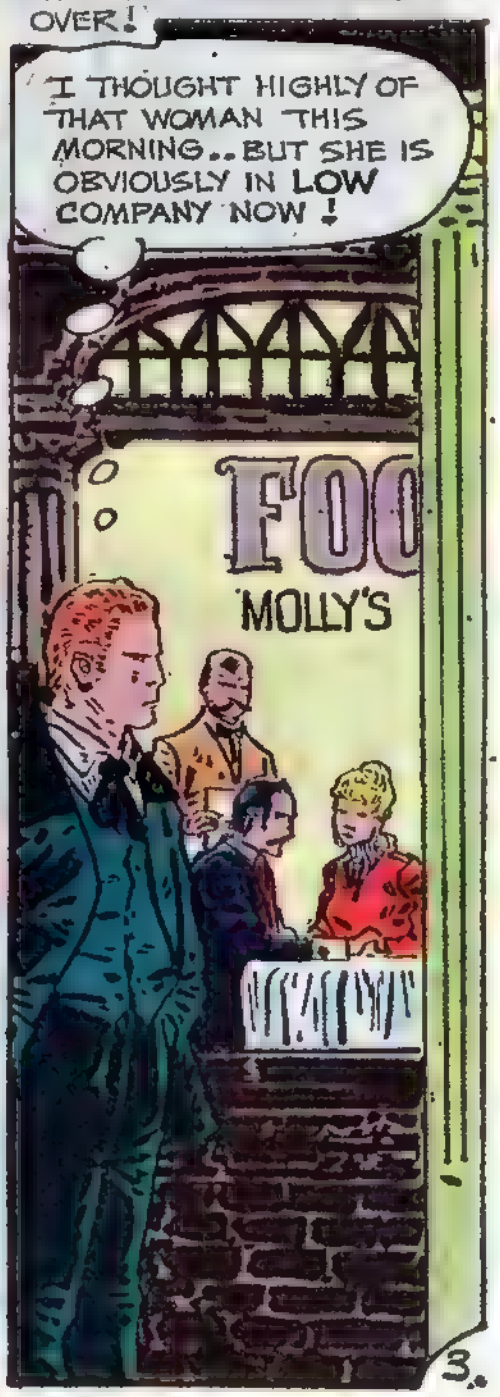
I'M LOOKING FOR OVERNIGHT LODGING, SIR! CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE BEST HOTEL?
THAT ESTABLISHMENT IS QUITE SUITABLE FOR A REFINED YOUNG LADY SUCH AS YOU!
WHAT A LOVELY WOMAN!
HMMM... MR. COGSWELL'S BUSINESS MUST BE IMPROVING! THE CASH BAG IS HEAVIER THAN USUAL!
JUST SIT MR. COGSWELL'S RECEIPTS INSIDE THE SAFE, ABEL.. I'LL LOCK IT UP IN A MINUTE OR TWO...
YES, MR. DANBY!
WITH THE LAST MENIAL CHORE OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN GO TO THE JAIL AND INTERVIEW OTTO HACKER... THE DESPERADO SHERIFF BLAKE JUST CAPTURED..
GENERAL
HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT SPENDING FIFTEEN YEARS IN PRISON?
WHAT A STUPID QUESTION... BUT.. I'LL TELL YOU.. I DON'T LIKE IT.. AND I'M GETTIN' OUT!

CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

NURSING A BRUISED NOSE AND WOUNDED PRIDE, ABEL YOUNG WENT BACK TO THE PAPER TO WRITE A SCATHING STORY ABOUT OTTO HACKER BUT MAX COGSWELL HAD SOMETHING ELSE IN MIND...

I AM NOT A BOY, YOUNG LADY! I VOLUNTEERED TO CLEAN THE FLOOR!
I FIND IT EXCELLENT THERAPY TO CLEAR THE BRAIN!
OH.. I'M SO SORRY, MR. YOUNG!

FINALLY, THE SUN WENT DOWN.. AND ABEL WAS GLAD THIS FRIDAY WAS OVER!

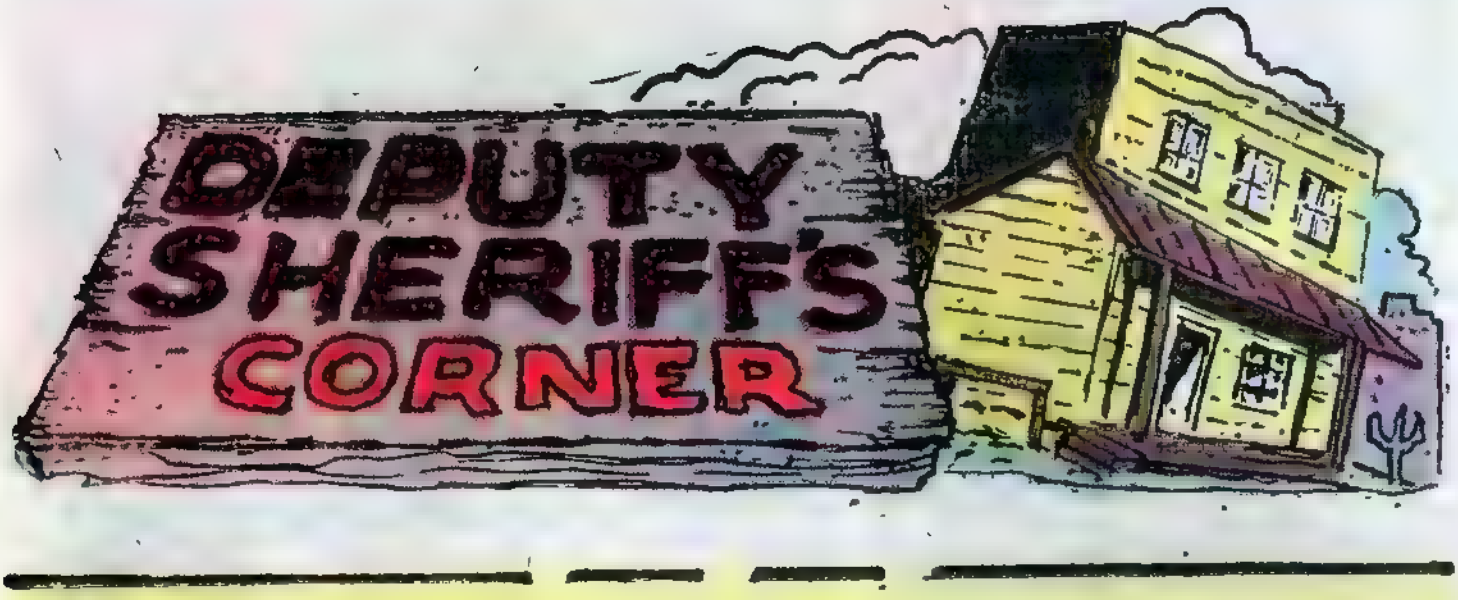


LATER, ABEL YOUNG RETIRED TO HIS ROOM IN THE REAR OF THE BOOTHILL GAZETTE — DETERMINED TO READ A SEGMENT OF THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE!
WHY SHOULD I CARE WHAT THAT WOMAN SA...
WHAT WAS THAT?
BOOMM
THE EXPLOSION HAD TAKEN PLACE INSIDE THE BANK .. IN FACT INSIDE THE BIG SAFE!
TWO MEN HAD PRIED OPEN THE DOOR AND WERE READY WHEN THE TIME BOMB EXPLODED.. THEY SIMPLY REMOVED THE CONTENTS AND...
HEAD FOR THE ALLEY BEHIND THE JAIL.. OTTO WILL BE OUT IN A MINUTE...
OTTO HACKER'S JAILBREAK WAS SIMPLE.. THE SHERIFF RAN FOR THE BANK SCENE AND ANOTHER EXPLOSIVE OPENED A DOORWAY IN ONE OF THE JAIL WALLS..

DEUCE AND LARRY CLEANED OUT THE BANK... HORSES ARE IN THE BACK!
GOOD WORK, LUCY! LET'S GO!
ANOTHER EXPLOSION! THAT ONE CAME FROM THE JAIL!
YOU'RE UNDER CITIZEN'S ARREST.. I DEMAND..
OTTO HACKER IS GETTING AWAY, SHERIFF!
THEY ROBBED THE BANK BEFORE THEY LEFT, SONNY!
I JUST LOOKED IN THE SAFE! THERE WAS A TIME BOMB IN YOUR SATCHEL, ABEL! YOU HELPED THEM ROB MY BANK!
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, SONNY!

SORRY, SHERIFF..I'M INNOCENT AND YOU'RE LETTING THOSE CROOKS GET AWAY...
HEY!
THERE'S A CABIN SOUTH OF TOWN... THEY MAY BE THERE!
A MINER'S SHANTY..THIS IS WHERE THEY GOT THE DYNAMITE...
LET'S SEE HOW THEY LIKE DYNAMITE THIS TIME...
THE FOUR WERE COUNTING MONEY WHEN...
LUCY..YOU AND I..
IT'S THE DUDE REPORTER..
6

DYNAMITE!
LEMME OUT OF HERE!
YUH
DON'T MOVE..OR YOU'RE DEAD!
NICE GOIN', BOY! HOW'D YUH KNOW WHERE TUH LOOK!
I SAW HORSES TETHERED OUT HERE TWO DAYS AGO.. AND MY NATURAL REPORTER'S INSTINCT...
AND..I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE SHERIFF!
HEY.. HERE'S THE SATCHEL I WAS TAKING TO THE BANK..AND SOMEHOW THEY SWITCHED IT FOR THE ONE CONTAINING THE TIME BOMB...
THUS, HAVING CAPTURED THE ROBBERS.. ABEL RECEIVED AN APPRAISAL FROM HIS BOSS, MAX COGSWELL..
SO..YOU JUST HAD TO DO IT.. LET A GOOD-LOOKING FEMALE MAKE A FOOL OF YOU..
END
AW.. MR. COGSWELL!



Dear Deputy Sheriff:

I like the letters and the answers you give very much. I enjoyed very much when you replied to questions about Indians. So I have some of my own to ask you. Please do answer them for me. 1. What is an Indian? 2. How many Indian tribes are there? 3. Do all Indians have the same background? 4. What was their religion before the white man came here? 5. Were Indians' languages written? 6. Are Indians citizens of this country?

Your friend,
Ralph L.

****

Hi Pardner!

1. There is no general legislative or judicial definition of "an Indian" that can be used to identify a person as an Indian. For Census purposes, an Indian has been identified on a self-declaration basis. If an individual did not declare his race, the enumerator counted him as an Indian if he appeared to be a full-blooded American Indian. Or if of mixed Indian and white blood. Or was enrolled on an Indian tribal or agency roll. Or was regarded as an Indian in the community in which he lived.

To be designated as an Indian eligible for basic Bureau of Indian Affairs services, an individual must live on or near a reservation and other details. By legislative and administrative action, the Aleuts and Eskimos of Alaska are eligible for programs of the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

2. "Tribe" among the North American Indian originally meant a body of persons bound together by blood ties who were socially, politically, and religiously organized who lived together. Occupying a definite territory and spoke a common language or dialect. Today, with Indians on reservations, you can see the old idea has gone. Last figure I had was about 260 Indian tribes, bands, villages, pueblos, and other groups.

3. The experts can only guess about the languages and customs of prehistoric Indians. Who came to North America from Siberia more than 30,000 years ago. However, the Indians of the historic period-from 1492 to the present, were and still are in some degree divided by language, custom and tradition. On the basis of common words or language, there are eight major Indian linguistic groups! These are the Algonquian, Iroquoian, Caddoean, Muskhogean, Siouan, Penutian, Athapascan and the Uto-Aztecan.

4. An Indian's religion was expressed in his dances, ceremonial, and legends. Except among the southwest pueblos, Indians usually sought visions or dreams from which they believed came supernatural powers. Their prayers were addressed to natural factors such as the sun, the winds, the thunder, and to the earth as symbols of supernatural power. And you see these in their sculpture and paintings.

5. Indians did not practice writing before the coming of the white man. Nothing above the level of the simplest picture writing. Which was best developed among the Indians around the Great Lakes. Where birchbark was used instead of paper. This picture writing was used largely for ritual records. In 1823, Sequoya, a Cherokee of mixed blood, presented his tribe with an alphabet and written language. Parts of the Bible were printed in this in 1824 and in 1828, "The Cherokee Phoenix", a newspaper in Cherokee and English began publication. Usually the only way for you to learn an Indian language other than by special instruction would be to have an Indian teach it to you. There is specialized language material available for linguistic experts.

6. Yes. The Congress on June 2, 1924 (during my lifetime) extended American citizenship to all Indians born in the territorial limits of the United States.

The Deputy Sheriff

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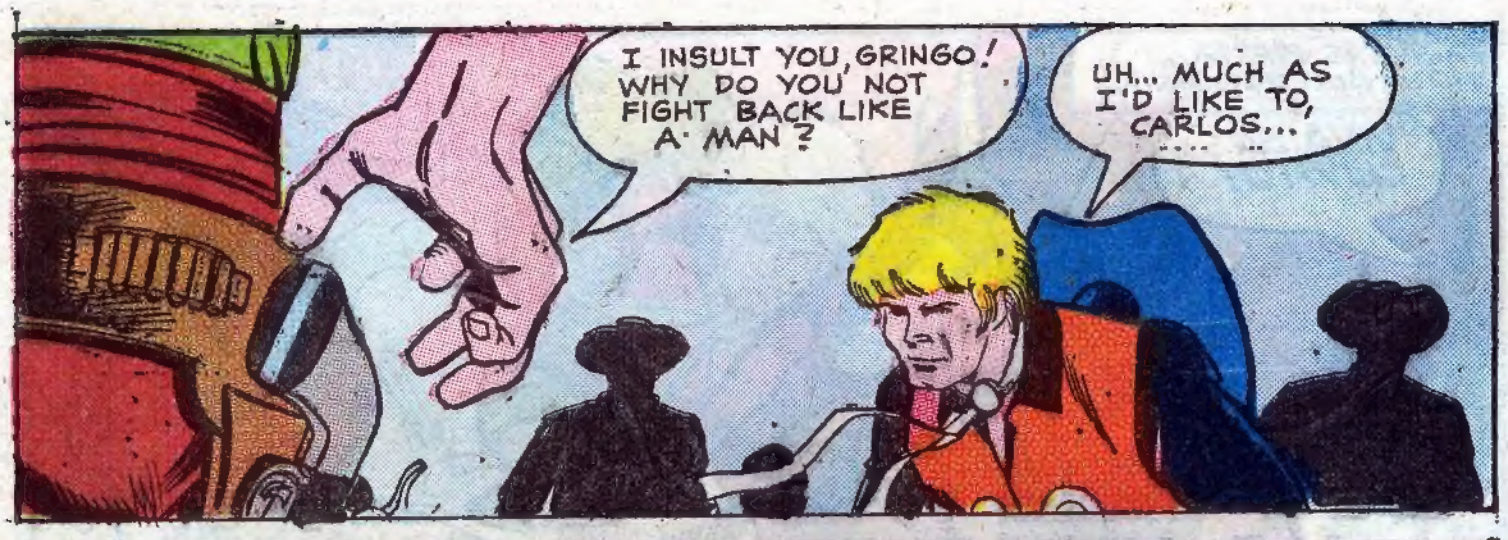
If you want to write a letter to the Deputy Sheriff, address it:

The Deputy Sheriff
% Charlton Comics Group,
Charlton Building,
Derby, Conn. 06418

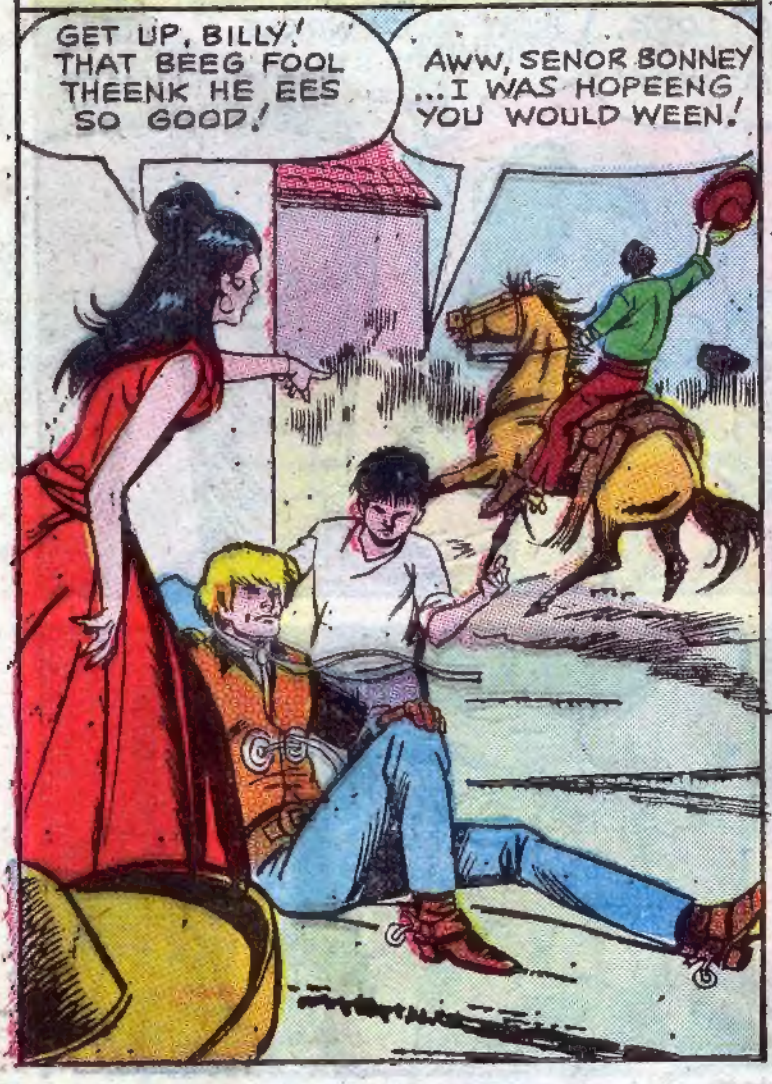
BILLY THE KID
IT WAS FIESTA IN OLD MAY-HEE-CO (MEXICO) AND BILLY THE KID NEVER MISSED A MEXICAN FIESTA IF HE COULD HELP IT! THERE WERE DANCES, FEASTS, BULL FIGHTING... AND BEAUTIFUL MUCHACHAS, ONE OF WHOM HAD BIG EYES FOR BILLY!
THE GOOD LOSER
BEELY, YOU ARE MUCHO HOMBRE! KEES ME... I BELONG TO YOU, NOT CARLOS FROM NOW ON!
CARLOS? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE CARLOS' GIRL NOW, CHIQUITA!
D-3412
CHIQUITA, IS THERE SOMEBODY BEHIND ME?
SI, EL CHIVITO... CARLOS!
NOW, GRINGO ...YOU DIE!
LOOK, CARLOS... I DIDN'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR CHIQUITA!

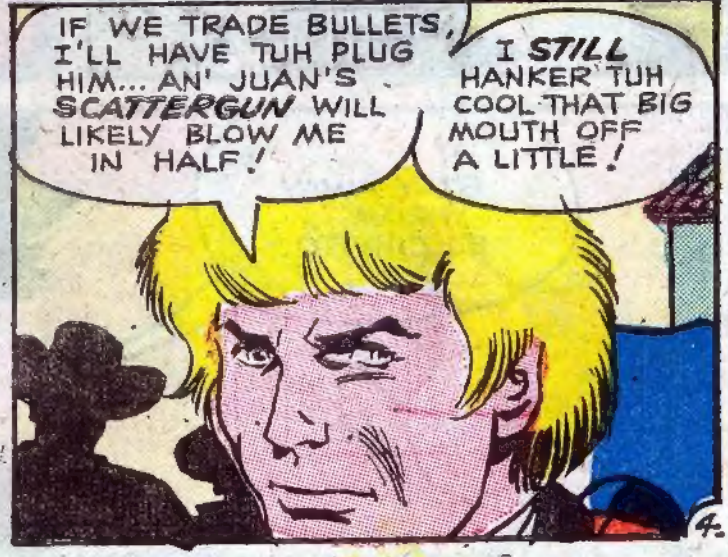
YOU HAVE A GUN, GRINGO! GO FOR EET!
NOT ME, AMIGO! I'M A PLUMB PEACEABLE CITIZEN!
IDIOTA! EL CHIVITO IS MY GUEST! TAKE YOUR WOMAN TO THE SQUARE AND DANCE!
SI, TIO JUAN... COME, CHIQUITA!
DON'T BE TOO ROUGH ON CARLOS, JUAN... THE GIRL SMILED AT ME AND MADE BIG EYES... CARLOS HAD REASON TO BE JEALOUS!
SI, CHIVITO... AND CARLOS IS A BRAVE YOUNG MAN!
HE EES MY SISTER'S SON... EET WOULD BE TOO BAD EEF HE TRIED TO KEEL YOU... AND YOU KEELED HEEM!
THAT WOULDN'T HAPPEN, JUAN...
YOU ARE MY AMIGO, CHIVITO... BUT HE IS MY KINSMAN... COMPRENDE?
I UNDERSTAND, JUAN... HE WON'T GET HURT!

THIS WAS FIESTA... WITH BULLDOGGING...
VIVA EL CHIVITO!
AND BRONCO BUSTING...
POBRE, EL CHIVITO! I KEES YOUR BUMP, IT GET WELL, NO?
SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA, HONEY! I...
NO! LOOK, CHIQUITA, I'M OKAY!
THE GRINGO MIGHT GET HURT MUCH WORSE, CHIQUITA!
STAY AWAY FROM EL CHIVITO!



CARLOS WAS THE BIG MAN AT THE FIESTA... HE WON THE BRONCO RIDING, THE BULLDOGGING, AND THE CALF ROPING... BILLY THE KID'S PARTISANS WERE DISAPPOINTED!




IF WE TRADE BULLETS, I'LL HAVE TUH PLUG HIM... AN' JUAN'S SCATTERGUN WILL LIKELY BLOW ME IN HALF!
I STILL HANKER TUH COOL THAT BIG MOUTH OFF A LITTLE!

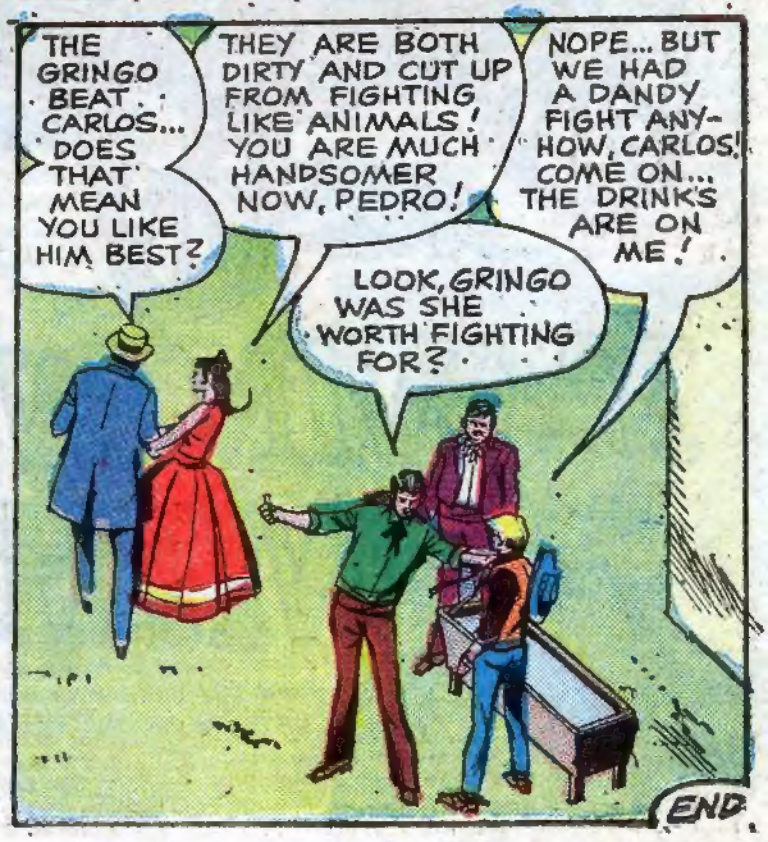
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, BILLY?
I'M GOING TO TACKLE CARLOS... WITHOUT MY GUN!
CARLOS...YOU ARE LA BOCA GRANDE...THE BIG MOUTH! I DON'T NEED A GUN TO HANDLE YOU!
SO? I BREAK YOU IN HALF, GRINGO!
I BUST YOUR FACE!
YOU MISSED. ...I DIDN'T
I HIT HIM MY BEST SHOT!
SOK
NOW, YOU GET ME MAD!
THIS IS GONNA BE EASY!
CARLOS HIT BILLY THE KID! BILLY ALMOST BUSTED HIS KNUCKLES ON CARLOS... AND SO IT WENT!

(CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE)

CHIQUITA, THEY FIGHT FOR YOU... TELL THEM TO STOP BEFORE THEY KILL EACH OTHER!
FOR WHAT? AND SPOIL A GOOD FIGHT?
I'M SO TIRED I CAN HARDLY LIFT MY ARMS! I GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!

UNNGHH!

LET HEEM BREATHE, BILLY... YOU ARE THE WINNER!


THE GRINGO BEAT CARLOS... DOES THAT MEAN YOU LIKE HIM BEST?
THEY ARE BOTH DIRTY AND CUT UP FROM FIGHTING LIKE ANIMALS! YOU ARE MUCH HANDSOMER NOW, PEDRO!
NOPE... BUT WE HAD A DANDY FIGHT ANYHOW, CARLOS! COME ON... THE DRINKS ARE ON ME!
LOOK, GRINGO WAS SHE WORTH FIGHTING FOR?
END